THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

VOL. I.] *PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH-DAY, 6th of Seventh Month,* 1805. [No. 30.

The price of the Evening Fire-side is three dollars per annum.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

In rummaging over some musty papers in the neglected drawers of my Uncle's Cabinet, I met with the following, which is at your service to dispose of as you may think proper. I suspect it is a tale of truth; for in detailing the frolicks of his youthful days, my uncle has related to me incidents not widely different from those which he has introduced into his tale.

P. O.

THE SABBATH-BREAKERS. *A Tale.*

When the long week has worn away,
And time brings in the sabbath day,
How many an errant prentice lad
Its coming hails with heart right glad!
The hardships, drudgeries, then forgot,
That oft betide his hapless lot;
The sendings here—the drivings there,
For lads of spirit hard to bear;
With every slight or sore vexation
Attendant on subordination;
Remov'd, each sorrow from within;
And every foulness, from the skin
With soap and water wash'd away,
Respectful of the resting day;
He joyful hails the morning bright,
When, drest in hose and jerkin white;
His new hat trimm'd with buckled band;
And crabstick twirling in his hand;
His busy thought is studious bent
On, how the sabbath may be spent.
Alas! how oft their way they miss
Who place below their hopes of bliss,
And think to satisfy the mind
With pleasures fleeting as the wind!
Would ye a certain guide possess
To show the road to happiness?
Would ye the sad mishaps eschew
That folly's children rush into?
Would ye attain the gate of glory?
The path of duty's straight before ye.
Whoe'er presumes this path to slight,
To left hand turning, or to right,
Will find the chase of pleasure tend
To disappointment in the end.

Now summer's longest day is run,
And wrathful seems the raging sun,
How pleasant 'twere in shady wood
To range,—or plunge in cooling flood—
And sweeter still, in shelter'd dale,
On water-melons to regale—
Such thoughts in Caleb's mind were fleeting
One First-day, during morning's meeting.

In musing lost, devoid of motion,
He seem'd the image of devotion.
Alas! delusive fancy bore—
Not heavenward, but to Jersey's shore!
Scarce did the youth's impetuous haste
His dinner give him leave to taste;
When he, and Jess, and Dick, and Jerry,
Took boat to cross to Cooper's ferry.
While o'er the waves the wherry flies,
The youth, anticipating, eyes
The plains with smiling verdure crown'd
Which on the Jersey side abound—
Jersey, the land which most surpasses
In melons sweet and lovely lasses,
Whose cheeks are blooming as their peaches,
The country's ornament and riches.

Thus every thing seem'd mighty clever;
The nimble boat had cross'd the river;
And Caleb hastily arose—
When, chain-entangled in his clothes,
Out flew his watch (last new-year's treat)
And fell to flinders 'neath his feet.
Alas! from jovial ebullition
To sadness oft is quick transition!
So found the youth, while, sore amaz'd,
He on the chrystal fragments gaz'd,
And gather'd up the springs and wheels
That scatter'd lay about their heels.
Before his view remembrance bore
A father's cautionary lore:
"If rightly be employ'd thy time,
The passing hours will sweetly chime;
But shouldst thou take the road to sin,
Each click will aid the voice within,
And, e'en among the laughing train,
Thy pleasure will be turn'd to pain."
Prophetic seem'd a parent's word,
And much he wish'd he had not err'd;
And much he wish'd to backward turn;
But his companions laugh'd to scorn
Those conscience-qualms, not fit to merit
Th' attention of a lad of spirit.
A lad of spirit Caleb was,
Or wish'd to be—so would not pause;
But onward mov'd, resolv'd to be
The merriest of the company.

My Muse 'twould tire as much as they,
To follow up their boisterous play,
And every joke detail, and trick,
As up they rambled Cooper's Creek.
Attain'd, at length, the place agreed,
Beneath a broad Catalpa's shade,
Behold them round a table seated,
With water-melons nobly treated,
While round them breath'd such balmy gale
As ne'er delighted Tempé's vale.

Here would my lowly simple Muse
For her digressions ask excuse,
While she bestows the meed of merit
On Jersey's hospitable spirit.

Oft has she, in her devious flight,
Beheld, with exquisite delight,
Her board with viands richly crown'd,
And smiles of welcome pass around;
Oft has she seen—(it joys my heart
This grateful tribute to impart)
Her sons conform to that comman'
Enjoined in the Gospel plan:
"If any one thy steps constrain
"To go with him one mile, attend him twain."
But human virtues, we confess,
Are sometimes faulty by excess;
And Jersey does unthought-of harm,
When, with those generous feelings warm,
She tenders free the tempting bottle,
Thus fuddling oft the thirsty noddle:
Whence grows (says frequent observation)
Habitual intoxication.

Our youths with spirits mounting high,
And throats with dust and walking dry,
With whisky punch now heat the brain,
And now with melons cool't again—
Melons, of core as red as blood,
And juice as cool as limpid flood,
Than which none better e'er were seen
On Jersey-market stalls, I ween.
Now flows the savoury nectar round,
Now o'er the lawn in play they bound,
Now punch, or melon-juice they quaff'd, or
Made the place resound with laughter:
For Dicky had a lucky hit
In dealing random strokes of wit;
Or he could stories tell, so rare,
As even made their hostess stare.
And Jess the laugh could always raise
With comic twirks, facetious ways,
And odd distortings of the face,
Which, in this downward age, obtain,
As worthy substitutes for brain,
And gain th' applausive recompense
Deny'd to sober solid sense;
But Jerry had the powers of song,
With which he charm'd the listening throng,
And here, with many a jovial strain,
He made the welkin ring again.
But Caleb—he was only able
To thump his fist upon the table,
And roar applause—with voice so mighty
As shew'd the strength of aqua vitæ.

Now, far declining in the west,
The Sun his weary coursers prest,
Till on the dusky verge of e'en,
Their frisking tails were scarcely seen.
Still had our younkers scarce the heart
From such a jovial place to part.
But 'twas the maxim of our class
Non habet lex necessitas:
So off they potter'd, playing pranks,
Along the meadow's verdant banks.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Something relative to the establishment of Hospitals or Asylums for the accommodation and reformation of habitual drunkards.

Every philanthropist must behold, with high approbation, the spirit of benevolence which has appeared, of late more particularly, in our populous cities. Hospitals have been built for the invalid, the sick, and the insane; alms-houses have been opened to receive the indigent and afflicted; and a number of societies have been formed for the relief of those who are suffering the aggregated calamities of poverty and disease. These acts are laudable—they are noble—and while they are a credit to our country, they are eminently honourable to those individuals who have thus stepped forward to aid the cause of suffering humanity. If any thing remains to be done which would yet exalt the opinion I at present entertain of the benevolence of my fellow citizens, it is that of lending a helping hand to a description of men who are certainly objects of pity, and ought therefore to be objects of care. The class I allude to are the *habitual drunkards*. While those who are poor and unable to help themselves receive the needful assistance at our hands, why is it denied the Drunkard? he too is *poor* and *unable to help himself*,—while those who are indisposed, obtain from us medical aid, and are often relieved of their maladies, why should not the drunkard receive the like attention? he also is *indisposed* and afflicted with a *dangerous* malady, which, perhaps, stands as much in need of a physical remedy. While those who are insane are provided with hospitals and physicians, in order to restore them to sanity of mind, why is not the drunkard entitled to similar favour? he too is *insane*, and in great need of hospital aid. Will it be denied, that drunkenness induces disease of body and derangement of mind? Let those who doubt the former, consult physicians; and those who question the latter, visit our public houses, and consult their own understandings; nothing more, I presume, will be necessary to convince them. Shall this dreadful habit yearly drag thousands of our fellow men into untimely graves, and not a hand be lifted up to loose their fetters? We neither know by what imperceptible degrees they became entangled in the snare, which perhaps they had once cautiously shunned, nor with what confidence they relied on their own ability to maintain their ground.—Can we suppose that those miserable victims to this vice never made an effort to free themselves from it; or sincerely desired that they might be enabled to overcome it? I think we hardly can. We are not witnesses to the conflicts they have been engaged in, nor the petitions they have put up. "Charity hopeth all things," let us therefore indulge it—peradventure it will inspire us with benevolence, and induce us to help them. Those who are under the dominion of a habit which they are trying in vain to resist, claim our assistance as well as our compassion. I would query, whether means might not be adopted which should arrest those miserable men in the path which is leading them to infamy and perdition, and thereby afford them another opportunity of choosing their destiny. In their present condition, how desirable soever this may be, unless we assist them, their endeavours, will, in all human probability, remain fruitless of success. If it is acknowledged that we ought to exert ourselves, in order to prevent a vice from taking root, should it not seem, that when this has unhappily become the case, we should strive to eradicate it.—Were we to establish hospitals or asylums in which they might receive the attention their pitiable case demands, this habit which has become so inveterate, might yet perhaps be broken by depriving them of an opportunity of indulging it. Here they might in time, by being precluded from temptation, acquire fresh strength to resist its power, and from almost hopeless sots, become respectable members of society.

HUMANITAS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

If the following piece of original poetry be found worthy a place in your very entertaining, and instructive miscellany, you will oblige a Subscriber by inserting it.

I. P.

Can Happiness be found on earth?
Resides she in the house of mirth,
Or Bacchus fane?
From haunts where folly had her birth,
One solid joy ne'er yet came forth;
That search is vain!

Can this rare treasure then be found,
Where wit and repartee fly round
The circle gay?
Where satire's fangs inflict the wound,
Where *harmless* falsehoods much abound?
No! not *that* way!

Shall she be found in Love's soft haunts,
Where Cupid (wily Urchin) vaunts
He holds her bound?
Where melting strains desire chaunts,
With *killing* airs and madd'ning rants?
She's not there found!

Ah! where then may the Genius be,
If not with cheering wine, and glee,
Love and desire?
If not with wit and repartee,
And biting satire? Woe is me!
Where else inquire?

Ah! not on earth—but there's a road
Which leads me *up* to her abode,
Faith aids my flight;
She dwells with my Redeemer God,
And when this flesh becomes a clod,
Faith's lost in sight.

I. D. F.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The following letter was sent to Rebecca Collier and Rachel Brachan, with a paper of sweetmeats for each of them, after a meeting of Friends in London, by the *great John Locke*, who was there and took particular notice of them. It was also said that King William the 3d was there, incognito.

My Sweet Friends,

A paper of sweetmeats by the bearer to attend your journey, comes to testify the sweetness I found in your society.—I admire no converse like that of the Christian freedom, and fear no bondage like that of pride and prejudice. I now see that acquaintance by sight cannot reach that height of enjoyment which acquaintance by knowledge arrives unto: outward hearing may misguide us, but internal knowledge cannot err; we have something *here* of what we shall have *hereafter*, to know as we are known: and this we with other friends were even at the first view partakers of—and the more there is of this in the life, the less we need enquire of what nation, country, party, or persuasion our friends are; for our own knowledge is more sure than another's is to us; thus we know when we have believed.

Now the God of all grace grant that you may hold fast that rare grace of love and charity, that unbiased and unbounded love, which if it decays not, will spring up mightily as the waters of the sanctuary, higher and higher, 'till you with the universal church swim together on the ocean of Divine Love. Women indeed had the honour first to publish the resurrection of the spirit of love, and let all the disciples of Christ rejoice herein, as doth your partner.

JOHN LOCKE.

Gray's Inn, Nov. 21st, 1696.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

A WISH.

Thou who dost rule by a supreme command,
Who weildst all nature by thy mighty hand!
Archangels bow with veiled face before thee,
And shall not mortals worship and adore thee?
Each suppliant's wish to thee is fully known;
Our expectations is from thee alone:
Grant me, I pray, that life that is most pure,
That suffering love which all things doth endure;
That conquering Faith before which mountains fly,
That Christian Hope which leads to purity;
True Resignation, free from all Self-will;
That lamb-like Patience, which resents no ill;
That holy Fear, best guard of innocence;
A bosom soften'd with Benevolence;
A perfect Will, that has no wish to stray;
Wisdom to guide, and Strength to keep my way;
A peaceful Mind, retir'd from noise and strife;
A Soul serene amidst the storms of life;
A temper mild, and placid as the morn,
And calm as eve, ere ruffling winds were born:
In all reflective of that heavenly ray,
Which flows unceasing from the source of day.
Thro' life I'd wish for competence, and health;
I neither ask for poverty nor wealth,
But, in that sphere by Providence assign'd,
Fulfil each duty with a cheerful mind,
Whatever else, conducive to my bliss,
I leave to Him who cannot judge amiss;
Let ever thus my warmest wishes run,
Thy will is best and let thy will be done.
And when my task on earth is quite complete,
Ripe for the joys of some more blissful seat,
Grant me in peace to yield my fleeting breath,
An easy transit thro' the gates of Death;
A safe admittance to that peaceful shore,
Where pain and sorrow shall be felt no more;
Where every power its full extent shall know,
Where joys on joys, in endless circles flow,
And holy souls in sacred raptures glow.

S. H.

5th mo. 11th, 1778.

To steal our minds in vain shall shadows try,
Whilst substance dwells habitual in our eye;
But when abroad our thoughts shall heedless stray,
From steadfast truth we quickly slide away.
Let close attention to our minds be given,
Guard well thy thoughts, for they are heard in heaven.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

You will oblige a Reader by inserting the following.

Quere. Is it consistent with the laws of our country to suffer the baneful tenets of Deism, to be propagated by the frequent public meetings called by an unprincipled individual of the Northern Liberties, for the purpose of reviling the religion of Christ, and the precepts and principles given us in the Holy Scriptures?

Answer. The laws of our country, it is believed, do not prohibit the preaching of any doctrine whatever; but happily, *they do not oblige us to listen to the mockeries of the unprincipled.*

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

AN INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

One of the religious society of Friends (an American) passing along the streets of Hanover, was met by a very respectable looking gentleman, who appeared to be much emaciated with long sickness—they were mutually struck with seeing each other, which caused them both to stop—when the stranger was asked whence he came, his answer was, from America: then, what was his business, he answered that his business was to endeavour to promote truth and righteousness.—That was acknowledged by the Hanoverian to be a noble pursuit. Then said he, "I am worn out, weak and feeble, have tried many physicians and much medical aid, but all to no purpose." The friend told him he thought *he* could recommend to him a physician that would at least give him patience to bear his afflictions if he did not see meet to perform a cure.

He replied, "I comprehend you, my dear sir, grasping him with both his hands, while the tears stood in his eyes, *Oh that I could make him my friend.*" He was what the world calls a nobleman.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The following lines made an early and serious impression on my mind, which encourages me to request their admittance among the valuable productions of the Evening Fire-side. L.

On the sufferings of Christ—by D. B. of Ireland—a girl not more than 13 years old.

In sorrows deep, I wake, I sleep,
With grief my heart's oppress'd;
My watery eyes, like * winter skies,
Bedew my mournful breast.

Lo! when I see thy love for me,
In flames of love to burn;
My Lord, my Love, my God above,
Then why should I not mourn?

With feet and hands, transfix'd he stands,
Upon a fatal beam,
And from his side, (a *wound most wide!*)
Pours forth a bloody stream!

A piercing crown, his head pulls down,
His face quite wan did turn;
He, for *my sake*, those pains did take,
Then why should I not mourn?

Whilst in this pain, he did remain,
His drink was mix'd with gall;
His corpse lay bare, his clothes they share,
Each as by lot did fall.

His foes about, did laugh and shout,
And at his virtues spurn;
So was his breath shut up by death,
And why should I not mourn?

The earth did quake, the rocks did shake,
And rended all asunder;
The corps from graves, and hollow caves,
Arose to see the wonder!

The sun so bright forsook its light!
And almost pale did turn!
Heaven and earth lament his death,
And why should I not mourn?

Lo, when I see, upon a tree,
His breathless body lie,
I grieve, I groan, I sigh, I moan,
I faint, I pant, I *die*.—

For thee alone, my life being gone,
Until thou dost return,
With endless grief, without relief,
I'll never cease to mourn.

* It should be recollected that this poem was written in Ireland, where *winter* is the wettest season of the year.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

I believe most of the farmers of Pennsylvania who have been in the practice of turning out their horses to pasture, have, within these five or six years observed the singular manner in which they become affected when allowed to run in clover-fields. It is almost uniformly the case that after feeding upon this kind of grass, or at least grazing in fields where it grows, water runs from their mouths in great profusion, as though there were a constant nausea at the stomach; and from being fat and strong they in a little time become thin and feeble. My object in mentioning these circumstances to you is to set an enquiry on foot in order to ascertain the cause which produces this effect. I apprehend your paper is read by men of observation, and by those who have a knowledge of the facts I have stated.

If any of them can account for it, or prescribe a method of curing this disease (for such I cannot help thinking it is) I am confident they will confer a considerable benefit upon a number of other persons besides

AN INQUISITOR.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Some men will interpret the Scriptures literally, and understand the whole of them in no other sense;—others will spiritualize the whole,—even the most ordinary rules of common life:—but, 'Happy is the man that feareth alway.' Let us diligently enquire into the will of God concerning us; 1. By fervent prayer and meditation;—2. By reading and investigation;—3. By social converse,—Christian communication and communion:—and, having patiently continued in these duties, let us follow on, by the

best use of the light afforded, to 'Serve the Lord with *fear*, and rejoice with *trembling*.' 'For all those things hath mine hand made, and all those things have been, saith the Lord: but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.'

1st July, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Meditate on these things.

Phillippians, chap. 8th, ver. 4th.

On what is true and honest, meditate;
And, upon what is just, and pure, and lovely;
Whatever is of good report;—on virtue,—praise;
On such as these let mental thoughts be spent.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Anecdote respecting Sir William Gooch, a governor of Virginia.

Sir William Gooch, being in conversation with a gentleman in a street of the city of Williamsburgh, returned the salute of a Negro, who was passing by about his master's business. Sir, said the gentleman, does your honour descend so far as to salute a slave? Why, yes, said the Governor; I cannot suffer a man in his condition to exceed me in good manners. Perhaps never reprimand was more delicate. [*Month. Mag.*]

The Vision of Theodore, the Hermit of Teneriffe, found in his cell.

(Continued from our last No.)

It was the peculiar artifice of *Habit* not to suffer her power to be felt at first. Those whom she led, she had the address of appearing only to attend, but was continually doubling her chains upon her companies, which were so slender in themselves, and so silently fastened, that while the attention was engaged by other objects, they were not easily percived. Each link grew tighter as it had been longer worn, and when by continual additions they became so heavy as to be felt, they were very frequently too strong to be broken.

When *Education* had proceeded in this manner to the part of the mountain where the declivity began to grow craggy, she resigned her charge to two powers of superior aspect. The meaner of them appeared capable of presiding in senates or governing nations, and yet watched the steps of the other with the most anxious attention, and was visibly confounded and perplexed if ever she suffered her regard to be drawn away. The other seemed to approve her submission as pleasing, but with such a condescension as plainly showed that she claimed it as due; and indeed so great was her dignity and sweetness, that he who would not reverence, must not behold her.

'*Theodore*,' said my protector, 'be 'fearless, and be wise; approach these 'powers, whose dominion extends to all 'the remaining part of the *Mountain* 'of *Existence*.' I trembled, and ventured to address the inferiour nymph, whose eyes, though piercing and awful, I was not able to sustain. 'Bright power,' said I, 'by whatever name it is lawful to address thee, tell me, thou who presidest 'here, on what condition thy protection 'will be granted?' 'It will be granted,' said she, 'only to obedience. I am *Reason*, of all subordinate beings the noblest 'and the greatest; who, if thou wilt receive my laws, will reward thee like 'the rest of my votaries, by conducting 'thee to *Religion*.' Charmed by her voice and aspect, I professed my readiness to follow her. She then presented me to her mistress, who looked upon me with tenderness. I bowed before her, and she smiled.

When *Education* delivered up those for whose happiness she had been so long solicitous, she seemed to expect that they should express some gratitude for her care, or some regret at the loss of that protection which she had hitherto afforded them. But it was easy to discover, by the alacrity which broke out at her departure, that her presence had been long displeasing, and that she had been teaching those who felt in themselves no want of instruction. They all agreed in rejoicing that they would be no longer subject to her caprices, or disturbed by her documents, but should be now under the direction only of *Reason*, to whom they made no doubt of being able to recommend themselves by a steady adherence to all her precepts. *Reason* counselled them at their first entrance upon her province, to enlist themselves among the votaries of *Religion*; and informed them, that if they trusted to her alone, they would find the same fate with her other admirers, whom she had not been able to secure against *Appetites* and *Passions*, and who having been seized by *Habits* in the regions of *Desire*, had been dragged away to the caverns of *Despair*. Her admonition was vain, the greater number declared against any other direction, and doubted not but, by her superintendency, they should climb with safety up the *Mountain* of *Existence*. 'My power,' said *Reason*, 'is to advise, not to compel; I have already told you the danger of your choice. 'The path seems now plain and even, but 'there are asperities and pitfalls, over 'which *Religion* only can conduct you. 'Look upwards, and you perceive a mist 'before you settled upon the highest visible part of the mountain, a mist by 'which my prospect is terminated, and 'which is pierced only by the eyes of *Religion*. Beyond it are the temples of '*Happiness*, in which those who climb the 'precipice by her direction, after the toil 'of their pilgrimage, repose for ever. 'I know not the way, and therefore can 'only conduct you to a better guide. '*Pride* has sometimes reproached me with 'the narrowness of my view, but when 'she endeavoured to extend it, could only show me, below the mist, the bowers 'of *Content*; even they vanished as I fixed my eyes upon them; and those whom 'she persuaded to travel towards them 'were inchanted by *Habits*, and ingulfed 'by *Despair*, a cruel tyrant, whose caverns are beyond the darkness on the 'right side and on the left, from whose 'prisons none can escape, and whom I 'cannot teach you to avoid.'

Such was the declaration of *Reason* to those who demanded her protection.—Some that recollected the dictates of *Education*, finding them now seconded by another authority, submitted with reluctance to the strict decree, and engaged themselves among the followers of *Religion*, who were distinguished by the uniformity of their march, though many of them were women, and by their continual endeavours to move upwards, without appearing to regard the prospects which at every step courted their attention.

All those who determined to follow either *Reason* or *Religion*, were continually importuned to forsake the road, sometimes by *Passions*, and sometimes by *Appetites*, of whom both had reason to boast the success of their artifices; for so many were drawn into by-paths, that any way was more populous than the right.—The attacks of the *Appetites* were more impetuous, those of the *Passions* longer continued. The *Appetites* turned their followers directly from the true way, but the *Passions* marched at first in a path nearly in the same direction with that of

Reason and *Religion*; but deviated by slow degrees, till at last they entirely changed their course. *Appetite* drew aside the dull, and *Passion* the sprightly. Of the *Appetites*, *Lust* was the strongest; of the *Passions*, *Vanity*. The most powerful assault was to be feared, when a *Passion* and an *Appetite* joined their encitements; and the path of *Reason* was best followed, when a Passion called to one side, and an Appetite to the other.

These seducers had the greatest success upon the followers of *Reason*, over whom they scarcely ever failed to prevail, excepted when they counteracted one another. They had not the same triumphs over the votaries of *Religion*; for though they were often led aside for a time, *Religion* commonly re-called them by her emmissary *Conscience*, before *Habit* had time to enchain them. But they that professed to obey *Reason*, if once they forsook her seldom returned; for she had no messenger to summon them but *Pride*, who generally betrayed her confidence, and employed all her skill to support *Passion*; and if ever she did her duty, was found unable to prevail, if *Habit* had interposed.

I soon found that the great danger to the followers of *Religion* was only from *Habit*; every other power was easily resisted, nor did they find any difficulty when they inadvertently quitted her, to find her again by the direction of *Conscience*, unless they had given time to *Habit* to draw her chain behind them, and bar up the way by which they had wandered. Of some of those the condition was justly to be pitied, who turned at every call of *Conscience*, and tried, but without effect, to burst the chains of *Habit:* saw *Religion* walking forward at a distance, saw her with reverence, and longed to join her; but were, whenever they approached her, withheld by *Habit*, and languished in sordid bondage, which they could not escape, though they scorned and hated it.

It was evident that the *Habits* were so far from growing weaker by these repeated contests, that if they were not totally overcome, every struggle enlarged their bulk and increased their strength; and a *Habit* opposed and victorious, was more than twice as strong as before the contest. The manner in which those who were weary of their tyranny endeavoured to escape from them, appeared by the event to be generally wrong; they tried to loose their chains one by one, and to retreat by the same degrees as they advanced; but before the deliverance was completed, *Habit* always threw new chains upon her fugitive: nor did any escape her, but those who, by an effort sudden and violent, burst their shackles at once, and left her at a distance; and even of these, many, rushing too precipitately forward, and hindered by their terrors from stopping where they were safe, were fatigued with their own vehemence, and resigned themselves again to that power from whom an escape must be so dearly bought, and whose tyranny was little felt, except when it was resisted.

Some, however, there always were, who, when they found *Habit* prevailing over them, called upon *Reason* or *Religion* for assistance; each of them, willingly, came to the succour of her suppliant, but neither with the same strength, nor the same success. *Habit*, insolent with her power, would often presume to parley with *Reason*, and offer to loose some of her chains if the rest might remain. To this, *Reason*, who was never certain of victory, frequently consented, but always found her concession destructive, and saw the captive led away by *Habit* to his former slavery. *Religion* never submitted to treaty, but held out her hand with certainty of conquest; and if the captive to whom she gave it did not quit his hold, always led him away in triumph, and placed him in the direct path to the temple of *Happiness*, where *Reason* never failed to congratulate his deliverance, and encourage his adherence to that power to whose timely succour he was indebted for it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Bye Laws and Ordinances of the Boston Female Asylum, established by the Board of Managers.

Rule I. A Meeting of the Board of Managers shall be held on the last Tuesday in every month, at the Asylum-House, for the purpose of attending to the concerns of the Society—The time of meeting, from *October* to *April*, shall be at half past 10 o'clock, A. M. and from *April* to *October*, at 4 o'clock P. M.

II.—It shall be the duty of the Secretary to notify and attend the meetings of the Society and Board of Managers, and keep a fair and correct record of their proceedings. In case of the sickness or absence of the Secretary, or vacancy of the office, the First Directress, in her absence, sickness, or vacancy of the office, the Second Directress, and in the absence, sickness, or vacancy of both, the eldest Manager shall notify meetings of the Society, or Board, when a Secretary, *pro tem*, shall be chosen; and in all cases, four days notice shall be given of any meeting of the Society, or Board of Managers, except on some extraordinary occasion.

III.—The First Directress shall preside at the meetings of the Board of Managers, preserve order, and, in equal divisions have the casting vote; in her absence, the Second Directress shall preside at the meetings of the Board; and if both be absent, the Managers shall choose a Member to preside for that meeting.

IV.—The Treasurer shall attend the meetings of the Board of Managers; render, every three months, an account of monies received, paid out, and remaining in her hands; and shall, at the end of every six months, settle her account with a committee to be appointed for that purpose by the Board; and not any monies, or other property, belonging to the Society, shall be paid or delivered to the Treasurer, until Bonds, in the penal sum of *Twenty Thousand Dollars*, with sufficient sureties in the opinion of the Board, shall be duly executed, conditioned for the faithful performance of the duties of her office.

V.—All accounts against the Society shall be laid before the Board of Managers for examination, and if allowed, an Order shall be drawn by the Secretary on the Treasurer for payment of the same, and no monies shall be paid without such an Order, drawn in pursuance of a vote of the Board, or Society.

VI.—A Committee, consisting of three Managers, shall be chosen every quarter, whose duty it shall be to examine into the circumstances of Children offered for admission into the Asylum, and also to enquire respecting those persons who may apply to take any Child out of the Asylum, and likewise to provide and attend to the clothes of the Children; and shall make report to the Board of Managers.

VII.—It shall be the duty of the Secretary to place up in the Manager's room, at the Asylum, the names of this Committee, with their place of residence, that any person may know to whom to apply, respecting the admission into, or taking out of any child from the Asylum.

VIII.—A list of Children, proposed by Subscribers, for admission into the Asylum, if approved by the Board, shall be kept by the Secretary, and priority of application shall give right to admission, unless, in the opinion of a majority of Managers, at a regular meeting, the circumstances of any child shall require immediate relief.

IX.—Twenty Subscribers in any town adjacent to *Boston*, shall be entitled to present a Child into the Asylum, for so long a time as they pay their annual Subscription.

X.—Not any Child shall be received into, or dismissed from the Asylum, or placed out

in any family, without a vote of the Board, at a regular meeting, duly notified.

XI.—Not any Child under three, nor more than ten years of age, shall be received into the Asylum; and, at a suitable age, the Children in the Asylum, shall be placed out in virtuous families, "until the age of eighteen years, or marriage within that age," except such, as, from infirmity, may be taught some other business.

XII.—In case of sickness, the Children shall be committed to the care of those Gentlemen of the Faculty, who will attend them *gratis*, and recommend for Medicine to the charity of the *Boston Dispensary*.

XIII.—A Committee of two ladies shall be chosen every month, to examine the Children at the Asylum, as to their proficiency in Learning, enquire into their treatment, and report at every meeting of the Board.

XIV.—Every person applying for a Child out of the Asylum, shall, previous to taking her away, provide suitable clothes, and leave those belonging to the Asylum.

XV.—Not any relative or friend, shall interfere in the management of the Children in the Asylum, nor visit them, without permission from one of the Board, and only in presence of the Governess.

XVI.—A sample of the Bread, Meat, and other provisions, used in the Asylum, shall be produced, whenever required, to the Board, or monthly Committee.

XVII.—The Governess shall not be absent, or sleep out of the Asylum, without permission from one of the Board, unless upon some urgent occasion, and shall visit the Children's room every night before she goes to bed.

XVIII.—In putting out the Children of the Asylum, Subscribers shall always have the preference.

RULES AND REGULATIONS,

For the government of the Children in the Asylum.

Rule I.—All the Children, (if the weather permit) shall regularly attend public worship with their Governess, every Sunday, at such place as the Board shall direct; and, in the intervals of worship, they shall read in the Bible, and other religious Books.

II.—The Governess, to whose care the tuition and management of the Children is more immediately confided, shall attend them at their meals, see that proper decorum be observed, that Grace is said before and after; she shall also read a chapter in the Bible, and pray with them every morning, and endeavour, by Precept and Example, to instill into their young and tender minds, the principles of Religion.

III.—The Children shall be taught to pay a sacred regard to Truth, and the performance of every moral Duty.

IV.—The Governess shall teach them to Read, and to work in plain Sewing, Knitting and Marking; and those who are old enough, shall mend their own clothes, and assist, by weekly rotation, in the domestic business of the family; she shall instruct and bring them up in habits of neatness and industry, and inculcate the importance of an habitual course of improvement, industry and virtue.

V.—The Governess shall not suffer any of the Children to be absent from the Asylum, without special permission, in writing, of one of the Managers.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

From the middle of APRIL *to that of* OCTOBER.

The Children shall rise at 6 o'clock in the morning, say their prayers, wash themselves with cold water, comb their heads, and clean their chambers; breakfast at 8 o'clock, play until 9; when the Governess shall read a chapter in the bible, and pray with the children; then attend school until 12; dine at 1, play until 2, attend school until 5, after which play one hour.

In the evening, say their prayers, and go to bed at 8 o'clock; wash their feet three times a week, and wash all over on Saturday night.

From the middle of OCTOBER *to that of* APRIL.

The Children shall rise at 7 o'clock, say their prayers, wash themselves, comb their heads, and clean their chambers; breakfast at 8, attend prayers, school and play hours as before.

In the evening, say their prayers, go to bed at 6 o'clock, wash their feet twice a week.

CLOATHING.

The Cloathing for the Children in Winter,

Shall be Blue SHALLOON SLIPS, &c.

In Summer,

Blue COTTON, &c.

BILL OF FARE.

Breakfasts and Suppers.

Sunday Morning—Chocolate or shells, with bread.

For Supper—Milk-porridge, sometimes thickened with flour, other times with Indian meal, and a slice of bread-and-butter.

All the other mornings and evenings in the week, to have hasty-puddings, boiled rice with molasses, or milk, or milk-porridge, as the season will admit.

Dinners.

Sunday—Roast meat and pudding.
Monday—Soup.
Tuesday—Boiled meat and pudding, or vegetables.
Wednesday—Soup.
Thursday—Beans or peas, with pork.
Friday—Broth, made of mutton or lamb.
Saturday—Fish.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

ITEM. I give and devise unto the "BOSTON FEMALE ASYLUM," the sum of to be paid the Treasurer thereof by my Executor, within months after my decease, and applied by the Board of Managers, for the time being, towards carrying on the Charitable design of said Society.

On the Proper Employment of our Possessions.

As Christianity consecrates all states and employments to God, as it requires us to aspire after universal obedience, doing and using every thing as the servants of God, so are we more especially obliged to observe this exactness in the use of our estates and fortunes.

The reason is plain, if we only consider, that our estate is as much the gift of God, as our eyes or our hands, and is no more to be buried, or thrown away at pleasure, than we are to pull out our eyes, or throw away our limbs.

But besides this consideration, there are several other important reasons why we should be exact in the use of our estates.

First, Because the manner of using our money, enters so far into the business of every day, and makes so great a part of our common life, that our common life must be much of the same nature, as our common way of spending our estate. If reason and religion govern us in this, then reason and religion hath got great hold of us; but if humour, pride, and fancy are the measures of our spending our estate, then humour, pride, and fancy will have the direction of the greatest part of our life.

Secondly, Another reason is, because our money is capable of being used to the most excellent purposes, and is so great a means of doing good. If we waste it, we do not waste a trifle, that signifies little; but we waste that which might be as eyes to the blind, as a husband to the widow, as a father to the orphan. If a man had eyes, and hands, and feet, that he could give to those that wanted them; if he should either lock them up in a chest, or please himself with some needless or ridiculous use of them, instead of giving them to his brethren that were blind and lame, should we not justly reckon him an inhuman wretch? If he should rather chuse to amuse himself with furnishing his house with those things, than to entitle himself to an eter-

nal reward, by giving them to those that wanted eyes and hands, might we not justly reckon him mad?

Now money has very much the nature of eyes and feet; if we either lock it up in chests, or waste it in needless and ridiculous expenses, whilst the poor and the distressed want it for their necessary uses; if we consume it in the ridiculous ornaments of apparel, whilst others are starving in nakedness, we are not far from the cruelty of him that chuses rather to adorn his house with the hands and eyes, than to give them to those that want them. If we indulge ourselves in such expensive enjoyments, to satisfy no real want, rather than to entitle ourselves to an eternal reward, by disposing of our money well, we are guilty of his madness, that rather chuses to lock up eyes and hands, than to make himself forever blessed, by giving them to those that want them.

[*Law.*]

AGRICULTURAL.

Mr. Printer,

I would beg leave, through the medium of your paper, to solicit my brother Farmers to make use of their Ashes on their Corn Land, instead of selling them to the Merchants for 12 cents a bushel. I will warrant them 35 cents a bushel, clear of all expense, if rightly managed.

The method is this: When your corn first comes out of the ground, put one half pint of ashes round a hill; if your ashes are not good, put on the more.—In conversation with a venerable old gentleman the other day on the subject, he assured me that he had made use of ashes in this way for many years past, and had never failed of having one bushel of corn extraordinary for every bushel of ashes. It is the opinion of some men that half a pint of good ashes is rather too much for a hill, but this must be left to the discretion of the Farmer. I am sensible it is not customary to pay much attention to what we read in newspapers; but my brother Farmers, let us try one bushel this year, and if it has the desired effect, we shall be rewarded for our trouble, and can well afford to try the experiment another year.

A FARMER.

Brookfield, March, 1805.

N. E. Pallad.

THE HAPPY MAN, AND TRUE GENTLEMAN.

The *Happy Man* was born in the city of *Regeneration*, in the parish of *Repentance unto Life.* He was educated at the school of *Obedience*, and now lives in *Perseverance:* he works at the trade of *Diligence*, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the county of *Christian contentment;* and many times does jobbs of *Self Denial.*

He wears the plain garb of *Humility*, and has a better suit to put on when he goes to court, called *The Robe of Christ's Righteousness:* he often walks in the valley of *Self Abasement:* and sometimes climbs the mountain of *Spiritual Mindedness:* he breakfasts every morning upon *Spiritual Prayer*, and sups every evening upon the same: he has meat to eat that the world knows not of, and his drink is the *sincere Milk of the Word.*

Thus happy he lives, and happy he dies.

Happy is he who has gospel submission in his will, due ardour in his affections, sound peace in his conscience, sanctifying grace in his soul, true humility in his heart, real divinity in his breast, the Redeemer's yoke on his neck, a vain world under his feet, and a crown of glory over his head. Happy is the life of such a person!

In order to attain which, *pray fervently, believe firmly, wait patiently, work abundantly, live holily, die daily, watch your heart, guide your senses, redeem your time, love* CHRIST, *and long for glory.*

A true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man.—*Virtue* is his business, *Study* his recreation, *Contentment* his rest, and *Happiness* his reward. *God* is his father, the *Church* is his mother, the *Saints* are his brethren, and he is a *Friend* to all that need him. *Heaven* is his inheritance, *Religion* is his mistress, *Loyalty* and *Justice* his two ladies of honour, *Devotion* is his chaplain, *Chastity* his chamberlain, *Sobriety* his butler, *Temperance* his cook, *Hospitality* his house-keeper, *Providence* his steward, *Charity* his treasurer, *Piety* is mistress of the house, and *Discretion* is porter, to let in and out, as is most fit.

Thus is his whole family made up of virtues, and he is the true master of the family.

He is necessitated to take the world in his way to HEAVEN, but he walks through it as fast as he can; and all his business by the way is TO GLORIFY the name of GOD, and do good to mankind.

Take him all in two words; he is a MAN, A CHRISTIAN.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—GREAT BRITAIN, (if we may judge from the following extracts from English papers) is under the most serious apprehensions that the French will immediately attempt to carry the long projected descent into effect.

So well is Bonaparte served in his absence, that expeditions are undertaken, and his fleets put to sea without his personal superintendance or special instructions. He waits, no doubt with impatience, the moment when the grand attack upon our coasts may be attempted, but he feels that in order to facilitate the execution of this formidable enterprise, he must weaken our naval force at home. To this conviction we may justly attribute the late attack upon our West India Islands, and the sailing of the combined fleet from Cadiz. He attacks us in the extremities for the purpose of striking a fatal blow at the heart of the British Empire.

The season is now at hand, when the flotilla at Boulogne will resume all its activity, and when Bonaparte will himself, after his Italian coronation, preside over its movements. The vast number of small craft that compose it continues to increase, and the army of England, on the opposite coasts, has of late, been considerably reinforced.

The Dutch squadron, consisting of five sail of the line, is lying in the Texel, under admiral Kirkert, in perfect readiness for sea.

A great number of French and Dutch troops have lately been sent to Zeland. They belong to the different corps composing the army intended to act against England.

Transports, to convey about 10,000 men, are collecting at Bergen-op-Zoom, as well as in the island of Walcheren.

The French general Dumas has arrived at Middleburgh and Flushing, in his capacity of an adjutant to Bonaparte; he brought private instructions, which induced a general conference of the French commanders in that quarter. It is generally understood that the expedition against England will be attempted without delay.

In the mean time G. B. is adopting the most rigorous measures to repel the invasion and is endeavouring to strengthen herself by continental alliances. With this view, diplomatic agents have been respectively sent with propositions on the subject, to the courts of Vienna and Petersburg; between whose and the French government a material coolness is said to subsist. It is reported that a treaty offensive and defensive with Russia has been actually ratified; but it is said to be clogged by such conditions as near-

ly nullify it. It provides for negociation in the first instance; and a Russian minister is stated to have gone to Milan to offer the Emperor of Russia's mediation to Bonaparte, with a sceme of pacification.

The present spirit of the parties, however, leaves little room to hope that this will shortly take place.

FRANCE, by the unexpected movements among her fleets; the junction and sailing for the West Indies of the Toulon and Cadiz squadrons; and the probable escape from port of the Brest fleet; has surprised and alarmed Great Britain, who was confidently reposing under the supposed security of her blockades. Bonaparte's chief attention, however, seems to be directed to affairs at home; where, from the commencement of his political career, he has uniformly witnessed a progress in personal aggrandizement, and gradually extended the influence of France among her neighbours. The Emperor of Austria, has acknowledged Bonaparte as King of Italy. And a letter from a respectable mercantile house at Genoa, states that the fate of that capital is decided, it being generally understood that it is to form a part of the new kingdom of Italy. The French military force in that country is now estimated at upward of 100,000 men, which is intended partly to frustate any possibility of hostile enterprizes, and partly to determine the frontiers of the new empire.

The DUTCH have also quietly submitted to the New Constitution: and Rutger Jan Schimmelpenninck has taken the prescribed oath; assumed his functions as Pensionary of the Batavian Republic; and in that quality has decreed the appointment of his subordinate officers.

But TURKEY has not yet sufficiently forgotten the invasion of Egypt to allow to France that influence in her Divan, which a former French Dynasty enjoyed. In a letter from Constantinople, brought by a gentleman who travelled overland to Embden, with dispatches for the English government, it is affirmed, that the differences between France and the Porte are still far from adjustment. In the beginning of last month, a plan of operations to defeat an expected invasion on the part of the French, was presented to the Divan by the Russian Ambassador. The Russian armaments in the ports of the Black Sea are carried on with the utmost activity, and a vast number of transports have been collected there for the purpose of embarking troops. But by receiving assistance from the Russians, and encouraging them to collect such a force in that sea, Turkey is taking a bit into her mouth, and is accepting a curb which she can hardly expect to see removed when their assistance is no longer needed.

The WEST INDIES still present a field for conjecture. Our accounts therefrom continue to shew contradictory statements; and it is doubtful whether or not the fleet under Admiral Nelson is there. It is said that the French have 30 sail of the line and 10 frigates at Martinique: and the British 21 sail of the line at Barbadoes. The French admiral has demanded the surrender of all the English islands in due form.

A letter received at Baltimore, dated the 10th ult. mentions the capture of Antigua by one half of the combined fleets. But ere this, there have probably taken place in the West Indies events of much greater importance than the capture of that petty Island. By our latest accounts from England, we are informed that the minister had assured those immediately concerned, that no time had been lost in preparing for the protection of the West-India islands, and that naval and military forces were sent thither.

The expedition under General Coote was in forwardness. They were avowedly destined to Jamaica. That island which is threatened by the French, was taken by the British from the Spaniards in 1656. Its annual exports are conjectured to amount to 12 or 15 millions of dollars. It is about 150 miles long, and 40 broad—and probably now contains 50,000 free inhabitants, and near 300,000 slaves.

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Scraps from Foreign Papers.

The following trait deserves to be related. An American attached to the late embassy from the United States, and ready to embark on his return to the Federal city, passing one day through the streets of Nantz, observed a crowd. Enquiring the cause, he was told that it was a father of a family whose movables had been sold to pay his debts. He enquired farther to what sum his debts amounted—to 100 crowns was the reply. The generous American drew 100 crowns from his pocket, put them into the hands of the bailiff, and disappeared without telling his name or receiving any thanks.

MADRID.—The joyful prospect of a plentiful harvest, which our fields present, has already produced the happiest effects. In Castile, where wheat had risen to 300 reals the fanega, it now scarcely finds purchasers at 50. Speculators, who had bought up great quantities of corn, which they held back from the market, are now punished for their exhorbitant thirst of gain, by the sudden fall of prices.

The total value of commodities imported last year into St. Petersburg. (Russia) have been found to amount to 217,286,000 roubles. Of this sum, 350,000 roubles were paid for drugs; 900,000 for wine; 826,000 for coffee.

A report from the Morea, (Turkey,) says that an epidemic disease has made its appearance there, and occasioned considerable alarm.

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DOMESTIC.—The prospect of harvest is unusually favourable; rarely if ever has the Pennsylvania Farmer been presented with a better reward for his labour than the present crops promise him.

We are told, that on the eastern shore of Maryland, the crops of wheat are twice as great this season as they have been known for fifteen years past; and that new flour has already been offered for sale.

But an eastern paper states that an extreme scarcity of all kinds of grain is experienced in some parts of the state of New Hampshire. It is selling at double the price of a common season. Some families have been entirely destitute of bread for a number of days.

The crops of hay in the Eastern States will be very heavy this year and the season "promises great abundance for man and beast."

A Miniral Spring has been discovered at Winchendon (Mas.) and is rapidly increasing in reputation, every convenience has been erected for the accommodation of visitors.

The Legislature of New-Hampshire have rejected, without debate, the amendment to the Federal Constitution proposed by the Legislature of Massachusetts.

The Philosopical society of Philadelphia have voted a Medal to Capt. WILLIAM MUGFORD, of Salem, for his improvement in the construction of a temporary rudder.

Three paper mills have been established in Kentucky within the year past.

We understand (says a late Kentucky paper,) that a company has been formed in the Atlantic states, for the purpose of opening a Canal round the Falls of Ohio, and erecting water-works at that place.

We have heard three names for one person objected to as an inconvenient superfluity; what then will be thought of the multitudinous appellation of the following notice?

Married, *Edward Livingston*, Esq. to Mde. *Marie--Louise-Magdeleine--Valentine-Davezac-Castra Moreau*, widow of the late Louis Moreau de Lassy.

Literary Notice.—A Dictionary of Chemistry and Mineralogy, with their application to the Arts and Manufactures by A. and C. K. Aikin, is now in the press, and will shortly be published at London in two quarto volumes.

Interments in the city and liberties of Philadelphia from the 22d, to the 28th, ult.—Adults 14—Children 35—Total 49.

Thirty one deaths occured in the city of New-York, during one week ending the 22d, ult. and in the city and precincts of Baltimore, in the same length of time ending the 30th, ult. 19.

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH RAKESTRAW, & CO.
NO. 84, NORTH FRONT-STREET,
Where Subscriptions and Communications will be received.

Subscriptions will also be received at BENJAMIN JOHNSON'S *Book-Store, No. 31, Market-Street.*